P
LE
O

The Onlooker

A Literary Journal of Independent Critical Opinion on Public Affairs

Vol. I—No. 10 TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1921 Price—20c.

For the People

Contents

Thoughts on the Present Crisis.
Lenin: the Tatar.
Causes of Irish Unrest—J. M. Synge.
Government by Mandate.
West Peterboro.
The True Prayer to Pray.
Comments.

Poetry

Ophelia.
The Dead Bride.

ONLOOKER PUBLISHING COMPANY
14 SHEPPARD STREET
TORONTO

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/n10onlooker01torouoft

THE ONLOOKER

JAMES COBOURG HODGINS, Editor

A Literary Journal of Independent Critical Opinion on Public Affairs

Vol. 1—No. 10 TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1921 Price—20 Cents

THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT CRISIS

THE leaders in the labor world are becoming alarmed at the present condition of affairs. It seems to have suddenly dawned upon them that they are no longer face to face with capital, but with something bigger and more masterful than either capital or labor. Personalities seem somehow to have shrunk overnight in power and importance. Prophecy has ceased; railing accusations have fallen flat; proud boasts are muted. The terrible logic of reality holds the stage, and, instead of cock-sure confidence effervescing in joyous bubbles of optimism, even our greatest financiers and experts have cast all theories to the scrap-heap and are conforming to the moves of an adversary who has never yet lost the final trick. The name of this adversary is Law, and the field of his operations is Time and Space. We are in the grip of Cosmic forces.

So long as there were more jobs than there were men to fill them the problems presented to leadership were comparatively simple. Early in the war the slogan went forth: "Ask for more, and if refused, strike for more." Those were the golden days of the agitator. He went up and down the land proclaiming that at last labor had capital by the throat. Not content with domination in the industrial world we were to have labor-parliaments and, in short, a new autocracy more merciless and terrible than anything that had gone before. One fatuous fool in our midst went so far as to call our business men "The blonde beasts of industry," "Industrial Oligarchs" and so on. It was not prophesied that labor *would* triumph; it was dogmatically asserted that labor *had* triumphed, and that in a few months, or years at most, would take over all the industrial plants of the world and run them to suit itself. The spirit and attitude was that of a conqueror—that of Alexander at Issus *e.g.*—and all that remained, seemingly, was to receive the final legal submission of the effete and worn-out Industrial Empire and appoint the new divinely-endowed satraps to their various offices. The rest of the human race, *i.e.*, all those outside of the Unions—black, yellow, red, white—would presumably meekly acquiesce and march lock-step in accordance with the new set of mandates. In place of a universal Emperor or Pope we were to have a universal Boss. As to the most precious quality in a ruler—character—nothing was said. The theory was everything. Given

the triumph of the theory and, of course, masterful geniuses would break out like peach-blossoms in June.

This childish, naïve belief in the efficacy of theory will probably never die. It is rampant in Russia and on the Continent at the present hour. It is the curse of legislation. All that is necessary in order to gain power, we are told, is to exalt the theory. The theory will cover, not only a multitude of sins, but lack of brains, of humanity, of character. Apparently, if one will only believe in the conclusions arrived at by men and women whose entire capital is invested in their vocal organs and who seem to have made bad investments at that, he will become clothed with invincible might, with immortal beauty and with riches beyond the dreams of avarice. It is the meanest bait ever dangled before the eyes of human greed. The men who save the world are those who work by rule of thumb; who do the day's work by the day's light and advance on chaos and the dark by painful inches; in other words, the practical men. Out of their hard-won experiences they arrive at certain tentative conclusions, and on the rock of truth and reality build up a structure that shall endure. These know that relative knowledge is not absolute knowledge; but they also know that relative knowledge is real—as far as it goes.

All this talk about the sovereign efficacy of the theory is but a repetition of an age-old fallacy. The bubble-chaser is perennial. When he possesses the strange and wonderful gift of ideal creation his advent is refreshing. As poet, dreamer, prophet, inventor, and adventurer he re-creates the world. But when—and this is what is happening—he becomes enamored of a theory, political or sociological, and gathers about him a swarm of dupes, he becomes the most insidiously dangerous being in the world. And the reason is that he is, as a rule, out of relation to all reality. His theory becomes a Procrustean bed, to whose dimensions he would fit humanity, even at the cost of life. It is a new orthodoxy that we are confronted with, far more terrible than that which had its birth in the ages of religious fanaticism. The password, as always, is belief. What is sought is an army of fanatics. The end aimed at is the complete world-wide domination of a single idea. Instead of King, Pope, Parliament, we are to have Theory as the *Deus ex Machina*. Such men as Lenin, Trotsky, Karl Marx, Snowden, Debs—their name is legion—all have this in common: They would substitute for the real man a human being who never did exist and never will exist and who, if he could be perfected, would be, not a free, rational creature aspiring towards dear, impossible dreams, but a grey, drab automaton moving in accordance with arid by-laws. The triumph of the sociological theory would mean the death of joy and hope and the virtual extinction of the free soul. There would be no room at the top, and the will, denied free play, would

soon become atrophied. The theory, being by common consent perfect and unchangeable, conformity would be made universal, and a type would be produced horrible in its monotony and maddening in its stereotyped literature and conversation. It is towards this hell that we are slowly drifting.

It must be obvious, to any man who thinks at all, that the liberation of mankind must come along avenues of intelligence—that his true advance is always spiritual. An exact division of the world's goods, *e.g.*, would leave us mentally and morally precisely where we are. We were told by the autocrats of labor that high wages and shorter hours would lead to an immense moral and intellectual uplift and to increased production. Some of us would have been well content if a decent share of the wages had been saved. What are the facts? With exorbitant wages and shorter hours came diminished output, poorer quality and a perfect craze for extravagance, with the inevitable soaring of prices. *The true source of profiteering is the fool's pocket.* The retailer in many cases took what was thrown at him. To pay an exorbitant price became almost a personal distinction. The curious delusion that high wages and diminished output necessarily go together, and that, if production be speeded up it will result in diminished employment, became the pet obsession of uninstructed minds and was fostered by demagogues. A moment's consideration would have shown that increased production means increased wealth, and that increased wealth means increased employment all along the line. Wages are always measured in terms of commodities. Every extra hour worked increases the world's capital and every hour shirked diminishes it. The more there is produced the more there will be to divide. The only thing that is holding back Britain at the present hour is this infernal doctrine of the limited output, and for it the leaders of the Trades Unions are entirely responsible. Belgium is making the quickest recovery of any nation in the world because the Belgian working men are bending their backs and putting in twelve hours a day to make up the lee-way lost during the war. When all the losses are made up and the balance is on the right side of the ledger Belgium will be in a position to hire those nations who let the golden opportunity slip by lending them of her surplus funds and drawing interest on foreign loans.

One of the truly pathetic mental developments of the time is this tendency to ignore—on the part of the working man and the capitalist alike—the play of the great natural forces. It was not only the working man and the retailer who were caught in the slump; the big manufacturers were nipped and nipped badly. The sky was black, the thunder rumbled, the lightning flickered viciously over the face of the landscape; all the signs pointed to a deluge; yet the picnic of optimists went merrily on. It was an extraordinary delusion.

Sir Henry Drayton, the wisest of present-day Finance Ministers, on first taking office emphatically announced "There must be no more loans." Had all been endowed with his sanity and courage it had been well. At the first rumble we would have run to cover. In effect he also served notice on the banks that they must finance the Government, even though this should mean the curtailment of private credit, since the solvency of the Government comes first. To-day the Government is the best customer of our banks, and a profitable one at that, since there are virtually no idle funds and our debt is owing to ourselves. Where would we in Canada be to-day if it were not for our magnificently administered banks; and where would the Government be?

It is the fashion in some quarters to rail at the "Big Interests," and the attempt is being made by the Hon. Mr. Drury—who has seen the handwriting on the wall—to mass the whole population, or that portion of it that can be beguiled by his cheap sophisms, against that scientific co-ordination of wealth which is broadly known as Capital, and which, in the last analysis, represents the savings of the whole people. We do not hoard in this country; we invest. We predict that the ill-advised and unpatriotic attempt will fail. It must be obvious to any person, possessed of reason, that the people of Canada can have no quarrel against themselves, and that an agitation having for its aim and object political domination at the expense of financial solvency can only have one end—irretrievable ruin for all classes.

The co-operation existing between the Government and the banks is all that stands between us and disaster. If, in order to meet the Government's demands from time to time, private credits must be somewhat reduced, all that can be said in explanation is that it is the fault of the situation, and that in this respect Canada is no worse off, but if the truth were known, really much better off than any other nation on the face of the earth. At the proper time we shall refund and throw into the next century a large part of the burden which at present we are necessitated to carry. The mortgage will be good. There are ten undeveloped empires back of it. But if at this perilous juncture of affairs a political agitation were to be entered upon, by irresponsible and untrained politicians, against the organized business of the country (which of course must include the banks) our credit would be shaken to its deepest foundation and we would be unable to borrow a cent in the markets of the world. In these days, let us not forget that what investors are most concerned about is *political stability.* By cutting out agitation, and holding together for a firm, settled government, we will do more to make investment in Canada attractive to the world's capitalists than anything that can possibly be conceived. "A house divided against itself cannot stand." Group-government

would throw us back a half-a-century. We must stand solid and united or pay the full price of folly.

The greatest menace to civilization is the empty agitator. In the end, the cost of his maintenance is greater than war, since he destroys the solidest asset a nation can possibly possess, which is mutual trust. The wounds of war we can bind up and leave to time to heal; but universal suspicion of motives poisons the national soul at its very source, and, if continued, leads at last to anaemia and death. Solid, settled, constitutional government, with a single party in power carrying out the nation's will in accordance with the expressed mandate of the people, is of incalculable value at all times, and never more so than at present. No capitalists or group of capitalists will invest a cent in anarchy. *The disordered condition of the political world in Canada at this hour is a greater financial menace than the adverse rate of exchange.* If we are ever to recover and find our financial feet we must get together and hold together as never before in our history.

Both Drury and Crerar now realize that the farmers of this country can never dominate it. They have heard from thoughtful farmers to this effect and realize that the game is up. They now seek to form another party in independence of the two great historic groups. For what end? What would be gained? Are they wiser and better than the able men at Ottawa? Who believes it? Neither has any claim to statesmanship; each is devoid of experience, and both take a narrow, almost a parochial, view of the needs of Canada. Most absurd of all: the party they have in mind is still in the clouds or in their minds—the same thing! They ought to remember that political parties are born of a nation's needs, and that it is not in the power of any individual to thrust the creature of his own brain on a whole people and expect them to acquiesce in the insult to their intelligence. Where is the demand for this People's party? What public meetings were called? Where are the appointed delegates? Who are they? Name? The fact is Mr. Drury has just been repudiated by the official representatives of the U.F.O. and by Labor (Windsor resolution), and seeing that the game is up he now seeks to gather about him a personal following to be euphemistically known as "The People's Party"; but which will not be a people's party at all, but a mere group of dissatisfied, bewildered and unplaced "come-outers." There is an old proverb which runs "Much noise and little wool." We predict that both the Hon. Alex. Crerar and the Hon. Mr. Drury will some day realize the truth of it. Meantime, that lifelong plower of Insurance statistics and sub-division acres, Mr. J. A. Burnaby, and Mr. J. J. Morrison, are in deep consultation, and the fate of a nation depends on their deliberations! With Mr. James Simpson they would form an immortal Triumvirate and pass into history with "The Tailors of Tooley St."

It is an extraordinary thing, but it is true, so far as Canada is concerned, that in the hour of real peril and unemployment the voice of the labor agitator is hushed. He seemed to flourish at the apex of prosperity. It was easy then for him, when the demand for labor and goods was unlimited, to paint the picture of a fairy world, and, like the horse-leech of scripture, cry for more. But when the employer comes into the shop with a sadly troubled face and announces that it must be longer hours and less pay or a shut-down, the golden eloquence of the agitator becomes suddenly tiresome. Two years ago *The Onlooker* read a carefully prepared paper before the Commission appointed to enquire into the causes of labor unrest. In that paper he said that no government on the face of the earth could compel a man to run his business at a loss. The statement was sharply challenged by one of the labor members of the Commission. Dare he challenge it now?

It will not do to say that there is an organized conspiracy at the present time to lower wages and break the Unions. But, even if it were so, the manufacturer has quite as much right to break the Unions as the Unions have to break him. If the old trial by battle is to be the agreed test, then what grievance can labor have if it is beaten? The weapons were of its own choosing. In innumerable instances it sought to dominate, and threatened to subordinate capital to its slightest whim. The language of violence and intimidation was all on the side of labor. In Britain a group, and a very powerful group, is talking at this hour of the nationalization of industry and the establishment of the Soviet. The real truth of the present situation is that the Public has struck and intends to keep on striking till prices are brought down to normal. The shops that are closing down are doing so because there are no orders, and for no other reason. It is the average consumer who is being heard from to-day—the million in short—and he is conscious of his power. The half-gods have vanished; the real gods have arrived. This earth belongs neither to the Capitalist nor to the Trades Unionist; but to the majority of the human race, and it is entirely right that they should know it.

One thing is certain—the old, false, hampering and unjust conception of the function of the Trades Union must be given up in favor of a loftier and nobler ideal. The cardinal defect of the Trades Union is that it destroys growth at the top. It is a tyranny deliberately planned to produce a hateful monotony of type. The inefficiency of the least competent is made the standard for all. The clever, thrifty, ambitious and conscientious working man is forced to carry the shiftless, inefficient, unambitious member. The injury in all this is, not so much to the pocket as to the soul. Moreover, it is essentially dishonest, since a man should be paid *according to the value he produces.* That there should be a minimum wage who dare deny? For a minimum wage, *i.e.*, sufficient to maintain a

man or a woman in decency and comfort, we should all work, and not rest until the end is achieved. *But there should be no maximum wage.* A man or woman should be free to earn as much as possible without let or hindrance. At present, save when on piece-work, they cannot do so. The Unions hold them down, and this is bad for the worker, bad for the employer and bad for the public. What is denied is personal freedom, bold initiative, the adventure. The hard and fast limitation of the Unions has done more to choke out the old British love of freedom than anything that can be named. Freedom is the terminal bud of the tree of life. Destroy it and you at once produce distortion. Nor could a greater calamity be conceived than that labor should form itself into a phalanx-group and seek its ends by violence. For, when you come to think of it, we are all citizens, and what is good for one must be good for all. The test is the general good. A dominant and triumphant labor, master of humanity, would but destroy itself, since the last strike of all is the strike against strikes.

What is taking place in the United States, and what will take place all over the world, is something entirely different from what the bosses suppose. *The movement is from within much more than from without.* The decent working man, who desires to be considered a citizen first, is himself striking against the labor autocrats, who, in secret conclaves, have too long misrepresented his ideals. It is as much a movement towards freedom from within as it is a reaction of capital against an outside irresponsible tyranny. There is something in the blood of the average Briton and American—something born of the sea itself—which will not for ever tolerate monotony, that is to say, slavery. The symmetrical theory crushes—whether it be a creed or a system of by-laws. Each man desires to be himself; to go his own way; to make good on his own initiative. This force of personality, long restrained, is making itself felt, and, in the end, unless civilization is to die of official strangulation, will triumph. For when you come to think of it, what is the difference between an Autocrat on his throne ordering his intimidated subjects into battle and a labor-boss ordering an unnecessary strike? Every strike lessens the available capital of the world and necessarily the employment. The strike is simply waste. Time is money, and lost time is lost money.

Recognition of the Union is not incompatible with the Free Shop. It must rest with the man who pays the wages to decide what those wages shall be. Since he must pledge his entire assets at the bank, it is only right that he should have the say as to how the monies shall be expended. The workman's risk is from week to week, and represents a lien on the whole property. The employer's risk covers the entire year, and it is not till the yearly balance is struck that he is sure of a profit, or even of his solvency. The

employer, if his business is to keep solvent, must be allowed to pay by results. Granted that there should be a minimum wage; there ought to be no maximum. Freedom at the top for capitalist and workman alike ought to be the order of the day and must become the order of the day. There is no other solution.

If the working men could only be brought to realize it they would have more power in freedom than they have now as members of a closed corporation. The day of the mandate, with a time-limit attached, is about gone. Employers who would not, for the pure principle of the thing, bow to force are likely to yield to reason and justice. A spontaneous, voluntary getting together of the working men for reasonable concessions could not be withstood, and we do not believe any employer of labor, save the sweat-shop sub-contractor, would for his own ultimate benefit and reputation dare to withstand it. In the matter of legislation it would work out on precisely the same lines. Both farmers and working men would be immensely the stronger if, instead of aiming at control of the machinery of government by the formation of separate parties, they would rest in quiet confidence in the conclusion that no government on the face of the earth would dare to ignore whatever just grievances they might have. With all the rest of us they possess the ballot. A delegation of farmers, or a delegation of workers, in a position to prove the necessity for relief in specific instances would be sure of carrying their point. But to descend into the political arena with a view to forcing concessions at the point of the sword, so to speak, would only result in confusion and social anarchy. To admit the right of separated groups to manipulate legislation for their own selfish interests would be to turn the very idea of government into a mockery. The function of government is to hold the balance impartially between all classes. Its strength is derived from the voluntary surrender of individual rights in order that society, as a whole, may proceed along peaceable and secure lines of development. Apart from the State, Society, the individual is nothing. Apart from the State Law breaks down. Apart from the State the final arbitrament must be, not equity, but force. The horror of group-government is, that it paralyzes the principle of unity and breaks Society up into warring camps. Logically carried out it would destroy civilization and land us back in the jungle. For to the formation of groups there is no conceivable end.

It was because of this that Edmund Burke, who saw deeper into the philosophic principles of government than any other human being that ever lived—with the exceptions of Aristotle and Montesquieu—having at the moment of writing a clear comprehension of the nature and character of the average Briton—penned the sentence which has been as a great pharos casting its light on the troubled waves of politics ever since. He describes the solid char-

acter of the British race in these unforgettable words: "Their sullen resistance to innovation; their unalterable perseverance in the wisdom of prejudice."

It is our belief that the people of Canada, as a whole, will verify this astute and penetrating analysis, and that when the question is fairly put: "Do you wish an anarchy of conflicting interests, with Quebec, because of its racial and religious homogeneity, in control; or a strong constitutional administration that shall represent the welfare of the whole Dominion?" they will decide overwhelmingly for the latter. Any attempts of special groups—labor, farmer, commercial or religious—to manipulate government for private and selfish ends must be countered and overthrown in order that "government of the people by the people for the people may not perish from the earth."

LENIN: THE TATAR

THE brilliant anonymous author of "The International Jew" makes the charge that Lenin's claim to membership in the Russian nobility is a mere pose and that the man is really a Jew. No direct evidence is adduced other than that his wife is a Jewess, that his real name is Sederbaum, and that the family converse in Yiddish—the International *patois* of the race. We are inclined to dispute the charge for reasons that will appear farther on. That Trotsky is a Jew, and that the erstwhile Russian Empire is to-day completely in the control of returned New York, East Side American and German-Jews, is undeniable. But Lenin has none of the characteristic qualities of the Israelite. He stands aloof and apart—the world's enigma.

Lenin is an unknown quantity even to his intimates. He seems shrouded in an impenetrable veil of mystery. Before the Revolution he was but a pen; after the Revolution, a sword. Like Polyphemus he seems to dwell in a cave apart from mankind, and, like the chief of the Cyclopes, he is one-eyed. He defies all classification. There are no standards to go by. He is unique in his fanaticism and his devilry. Were it not that he possesses an ideal, and is intoxicated with it to the point of inhumanity, he might very well pass as an incarnation of the principle of evil—an arresting and destructive force—the complete negation of all that is covered by the word "civilized." Perhaps it would be safer to describe him as a theorist gone mad. He represents the full effect of an economic western heresy working on a brain of the purely primitive type.

Lenin is not fundamentally a Jew (though he may have an admixture of Jewish blood) but a Tatar. The Mongolian eye is evident, and that curious combination of cunning, shrewdness and cruelty which is characteristic of the nomadic Eastern type comes out in every salient facial line. The "squeezed-up" look remarked

by Mrs. Sheridan, the sculptress, is an inheritance from tribal ancestors who faced the terrific sand storms characteristic of the Mongolian steppe. It is a face upon which civilization has left no redeeming mark; the face of a savage; archaic in every line. Dress this man in the characteristic garb of the Mongol, set him upon a small Asian pony, arm him with bow and lance and he might be modelled as a statuette for a Ming tomb. He is Attila the Hun reincarnate. Destruction and the love of destruction is in his borders. Europe has no share in his psychology; though what superficial culture he possesses is of revolutionary Europe.

We have in this man the full result of a Western theory (Marxism) on a primitive Oriental brain, and terrible the effect has been. There are no morals and no ideals in Marxism. It is a rigid system of economics. It is, in fact, a philosophy only fit for a world of industrial devils. Variation is unknown. Personality, freedom, vagrant adventure are looked upon as crimes of the first order. The economic state is all; the theory absolute. It is the substitution of mathematics for the free and aspiring will; inhuman and horrible to the last detail of cold-blooded explication. But Marxism is Lenin's gospel.

When you come to think of it, the rise of this man to absolute power is the most extraordinary thing in the annals of the human race, and worth pondering deeply. Behind him, as behind the bulk of the nomads of the steppe, there is no background of culture in the European sense, but there is an inheritance of Communism, for Communism is the rule and the practice of both Tatar and Slav. The *Mir*, the *Zadruga*, is what this fanatic envisages for all mankind, and he is sincere, as all fanatics, *i.e.*, mad men, are sincere. The reversion is not to the solitariness of the cave-man; but to the homogeneity and solidity of the tribe—a homogeneity and solidity for example, which the Jew has never lost, for the Jew belongs not to a nation but a clan. To the alert, intellectual, liberty-loving peoples of the Occident this unclean pressure of mind against mind, this gross, monotonous familiarity and absence of all privacy would be worse than hell; but to the primitive type free individuality would, on the other hand, be an awful solitude.

The reason why Bolshevism can never prevail among cultured races is, after all, spiritual. Our civilization has its root in Christianity; and may be summed up in the phrase "the worth of the private soul." Yet it is well to be on our guard and to remember that the philosophy of the Phalanx-Union, closure at the top, is but the ideal of the *Mir* with its horrible monotony, and that "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." The Lenin type is not confined to Russia. The world is full of mad men who are but the Hot-Gospellers of theories.

The great Asian continent may be likened to a tideless, ice-bound, Polar sea, and Latvia, Courland, Poland, Galicia, Eastern

Prussia, Bohemia (in part), Servia, Croatia, Bulgaria (in part), to vast icebergs that have broken off from time to time under the ameliorating influence of the sun of Western Culture and have floated away from the main mass—some melting entirely; all destined to melt in turn, *i.e.*, become completely European in faith, thought and social usages. Bohemia is a striking example. Prussia another.

But to travel east is to progress into the region of the archaic and the unchangeable. The tendency is towards rigidity even in art. The humblest ikon may well stand as the type of all. It is just a simple portrait which, in its main lines, reproduces the mournful sadness and stiff lines of the Byzantine Mosaics. Something of the awful monotony and overpowering vastness of the steppes seems to creep into every Russian. Mad excesses and prolonged months of melancholy are typical of the characters drawn by the great Russian novelists, and, it must be added, something of majesty and simplicity too. When this literature first burst upon the world in the pages of Tolstoi, Dostoievsky and Golgol we called it "Russian Realism," but, gradually, it dawned upon the shrewder critics that the painfully exact descriptions of commonplace interiors and simple-minded mujiks represented limitations of experience and observation. They were drawn with such photographic minuteness because the artist could depict nothing else. He knew his world as an artist of the Kano school knew his, or as Mieris knew his Dutch interiors. Like all first-hand things it had the charm of naïveté and vigor. It was only when literary fools in England and America imitated it that it became boresome.

The mark of Russian literature is vastness and monotony, splashed with the scarlet glare of passion. Tolstoi gave us "The Cossacks" and the "Kreutzer Sonata" and died a religious neurasthenic. The love affairs seem all confined to a room or a village, and take the form of endless discussions devoid of all moral and intellectual content, or indeed of any rational meaning. Plot there is none. Through interminable pages we watch the process of the development of the characters to the final *denouement*, which is usually vapid and meaningless. The particularity with which the changes of the soul are noted verges on the indecent. This sort of art is only possible in a monastery or a settlement snowed in for months at a time. We get a touch of it in Browning's "Two In A Cloister" and in "Cranford." It is the rare exception with us; the rule in Russia. Russia, indeed, is just an aggregation of villages. Western culture—now French, now English, now German—has always been an exotic in that strangely remote land. It remains true, however, that at its best the Russian brain is startlingly brilliant. But the centres of culture have been (alas! no longer are) but as Athenian islands in a Scythian sea.

We are witnessing in Russia at this hour what is, without doubt, unique in human history—the domination of a simple,

undeveloped people by a race that, almost since its emergence into history, has been a race of slaves; or, if you like to put it that way, a race enslaved. To begin with, the Jew was a slave in Egypt. He fought his way to the wild freedom of the Araba and the Haran, and held his own against Edom, Philistia and Canaan for some centuries. His glory culminated in Solomon; but ever since the first exile—700-800 B.C.—his neck has been either beneath the military or the social yoke. It is beneath the social yoke to-day. He passed beneath the sway of Babylonian, Assyrian, Persian, Greek, Roman; and tasted the cup of bitterness to the very dregs when Europe espoused Christianity, and, in the name of one of his own race, forced him to wear the yellow gaberdine and penned him like an unclean beast in the Ghetto.

To-day in Russia, for the first time in 2700 years of recorded time, he is not slave but master. It is marvellous! And he has accomplished this result, not by gold or arms or outside aid, but by intellect and cunning. He has avenged the Pogroms of Kieff and Brody a thousand times. It would take a spirit compact of Heine, Swift and Synge to do justice to this awful irony of history. Russia has been conquered not by the sword, but by a book. Back of Lenin is Karl Marx.

But what makes the problem so deeply absorbing is that, both in the case of the Russian and the Jew, the view of life, socially speaking, is the same. To the Russian his *Mir* is all; to the Jew his synagogue, his religion. The Russian is a Social Communist; the Jew a religious one. Here, of course, the likeness ends. What is true in both cases is that the ultimate nexus is not the individual, but the race, the clan, the community, the church. The Russian does not understand the Jew; but the Jew thoroughly understands the psychology of the Russian. He also has his *Mir* and his *Artol*. The Jew combines an intense individualism with an equally intense religious communism. He believes in his divine right to dominate. The Russian is a Communist pure and simple. In the mujik personality is at zero. The Jew is unbearably personal. The idea of doing things in companies, in masses, is the only thought that presents itself to the mujik's mind. He belongs to an eternal *Mir*. If, *e.g.*, he should wander off to Petrograd he still must pay his tax to the village in which he was born. If he should go forth to work in a cotton mill in Kieff or Tiflis he never would dare to go alone, but only as a unit in a company (the *Artol*).

It will be gathered from this analysis that the Jew, by his own nature and his long association with the Russian, was in a position, for his own purpose—financial and political domination and the hunger for revenge—to play upon the deepest, tenderest chord in the Russian soul. He has inflamed the crude imagination of his dupe with the dream of a universal *Mir* or Commune in which all goods, all pleasures, and, indeed, all culture shall be in common.

He cannot make real the ideal, so cunningly flaunted, and some day when the full ghastly comprehension of the betrayal dawns upon the Russian Soul there will be the greatest massacre of Jews in all history. Already the *trek* of the intimidated, and, we must believe, the truly pious Jews towards Palestine has begun. It will be accelerated, partly by famine but mostly by fear, and then Russia, ruined, betrayed and crushed, will return, it is to be hoped, to some form of constitutional government which will enable her to enter once again the circle of civilized nations. Her salvation must come from within, from her own Elect. What will be proved will be that a government of the average, where the culture is primitive, must always partake of the monotony of hell and the cruelty of the grave. The stern deliverance of The Quoheleth, "Unhappy is that nation whose king is a fool," is worth remembering; for nothing is more certain than that, if Democracy is to survive it can only be by putting brains and character above mere numbers.

Heretofore, in our English-speaking communities, the electors, guided by a wise instinct, have always turned to men who represented the noblest visions of the race. Sometimes these chosen few were aristocrats by descent, like Pitt; sometimes they were great commoners, like Bright, or of humble birth, like Lincoln. But what distinguished them all was the undeniable possession of intellect and character and an understanding of human need.

There are sinister indications that the power of recognizing superior excellence in candidates for public office is becoming feeble. Our boasted education has not turned out men and women of robust common-sense, but types frightful in their intellectual monotony and puerile in their reasoning powers. The Church stands aloof. A race of great editors might save the day. But where are they? Nothing is more certain than that a Democracy which is not governed by its *natural* aristocrats (not by caste) is headed straight for the absolutism of the mob expressed in something very much like the Soviet, *i.e.*, through committees and bosses. With us the danger is as yet only a portent; in Europe it is real. The aspiration of the individual towards a higher status (and it is denied to none—the only limitations are those of endowment) is the safety-valve of progress. But when individuals lose ambition, and seek a vague Utopia by mass-effort the result is always disastrous and a reversion to the ethics of the primitive tribe. The natural leaders—men of character and intellect—relegated to obscurity and poverty, the conscienceless brute assumes power and, resting his mandates on a theory of universal well-being for all, backed up by force and aided and abetted by the selfishness of cunning confederates with, in these days, a monopoly of the Press, proceeds along the path of exploitation. So long as the mob can be induced to exalt the theory of absolute equality in all things, even those of the spirit; so long, that is, as the horrible lie and illusion, that equality is absolute, can

be kept up, the Lenins and Trotskys can ride serenely in the Chariot of Power. But this is a world in which cause and effect reign; and when the theory is seen to result in the destruction of all that makes life worth while, humanity returns, "as a bird to its mountain," to the ancient usages and, in a common subordination to vast inherited ideals, finds rest for its soul. "Man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God." To displace Religion, *i.e.*, the vision of and conformity to the ideal (for that is all Religion is) by an economic theory, is to exalt the impersonal above the personal, and limit God by man—the apotheosis of conceit and blindness!

Lenin embodies the arch-delusion of the time. That somewhere the attempt to give an absolute, exclusive right of way to a theory of economic equality had to be made the keenest thinkers long foresaw. That it would be inaugurated by a reign of terror, and end in the virtual annihilation of the individual they also clearly apprehended. Some looked for it in Italy, some in France, none in Russia. Yet Russia is the only land where it could have possibly occurred; and it would never have occurred in Russia had not the Jew—the keenest of all psychologists of the animal man and the most marvellous of propagandists and exploiters—led the Russian Caliban into the bog by the arts of Stephano.

That the International Jews who control that unhappy land care a fig for the soul of the mujik or for the ultimate fate of Russia who in his senses believes? But, if in that remote region and among those simple and half-civilized peoples, the mad delusion that has taken possession of millions, that an economic theory of ethics can displace the Gospel of Christ be proved a lie and a delusion, the soul of Russia will not have been torn and tortured in vain. Her crucifixion may prove to be our salvation.

Fanaticism we have always had; shall always have. As a rule, it has been religious fanaticism with, dimly or clearly, God behind it. Its very cruelties have sprung from logic—perverted logic to be sure, still logic—but at its best it has raised man to angelic heights. The soaring Choir of Amiens, the tremendous Nave of Ely, the slim, aspiring, almost feminine loveliness of Tours and Westminster Abbey must have sprung from the souls of men who felt the beating of the heart of God in Beauty—the final resolution—to which even Righteousness must lead up. And this fanaticism has always aimed—in Catholic, Mohammedan, Parsee, Shinto, Puritan—at personal perfection—subordination to a Divine Ideal—the Kingdom of God. Its last sigh was for the beauty of Holiness and its social dream was brotherly love. The great ages have always been ages of Faith. But where is Faith to-day?

The danger to the Church—and the Church is simply humanity in ideal relations—is that it may be displaced by an economic theory.

Where is the Church founded by Cyril in Russia? "Desolate, afflicted, tormented!" But look at the theory, the economic heresy! Are Lenin and his Jew-associates the fools we think? They have seen a whole nation get drunk on the strong wine of a theory—a theory based on the rankest materialism; for the fundamental philosophy of Marxism is that man is a beast with a brain and that the function of this brain is to bring about an absolute equality in all things among the swarming millions of mankind. We have here in a new form the madness of the closed creed. What Hildebrand and Gregory tried to do, in the realm of religion, Lenin seeks to do in the world of economics. The only difference is that in place of the Holy Catholic Church we have the changeless Orthodoxy of the Immaculate Theory. For the Pope read Autocrat; for the creed, theory; for the faithful, the mob; for Heaven, earth; for "spiritual things," material goods; for faith, certainty, finality; for blessedness, pleasure; for morality, indulgence; for restraint, looseness; for God, man, and what is aimed at is clearly seen. "Bow down and worship and adore the one perfect theory of economics!" is the mandate, and millions obey at this hour. Marxism has displaced Christianity and Lenin is its prophet. But to do justice to the tremendous drama which is being played out in Russia at this hour would require the pen of an Aeschylus.

Will it spread to Canada? It will. It is already here. Will it succeed? Yes, if we lose our love of individual freedom; allow obscene cartoons to deprave the minds of our children; accept cunningly-placed headlines in flaring type to take the place of thought; patronize pornographic movies controlled by financial syndicates to the debauching of the moral sense; import religious blasphemers to degrade the words of Christ; submit to the tyranny of the phalanx-union; turn politics, the highest of all employments, into a struggle for spoil; forget, in a word, the historic rock whence we were hewn. But if we remain true to our noble British tradition of personal freedom, as limited by the rights of others, the Bolshevik beast will snarl and rage in vain. If we lose our soul as a nation what will it matter what form of government we are under? Men are free in themselves or slaves. That ideal of freedom for all thoughtful and patriotic Canadians at this hour is embodied in one young man who has boldly taken the dare of Fate at the most awful crisis in human history. If as a people we rally in whole-hearted loyalty to his side and the solid and thoughtful men associated with him "we shall touch the happly isles"; but if the ideal he stands for, that Government is for all and not for some, be overthrown, then of a surety "the gulfs will wash us down" and we shall have, not Bolshevism in the Russian sense—that is forever impossible—but misunderstanding, recrimination, bitterness, selfishness, lack of national unity, confusion of counsel, indecision, and a complete shattering of our financial credit and possible bankruptcy.

CAUSES OF IRISH UNREST—J. M. SYNGE

(*Continued*)

IF an American or a Britisher had written "The Playboy of the Western World," we should never have heard the end of it. To-day it is accepted, apparently, by all classes as a dramatic masterpiece, and, so highly is Synge's genius held in general estimation in Ireland, it has been thought profitable by a firm of Dublin publishers to issue an *edition de luxe* of his works. In what other country in the world, save Ireland, could this happen? Here is a drama which is one long, sustained, contemptuous and bitter arraignment of the Irish character, and it has already achieved the dignity of a classic!

In English literature our great writers have always taken the chivalrous side in depicting woman. Consideration is had for her frailty; and even when, as in the case of Becky Sharp, *e.g.*, the analysis is relentless, there are ameliorating touches. Becky is bad and the victim of a bad philosophy and upbringing; but who is there who does not confess to a sneaking sympathy with the gallant, wary, resourceful adventuress who plays every card in her hand and with consummate skill? It is against the world and time and fate that Becky plays. A hypocrite! Undoubtedly, but how "cunning o' fence"! To the very last she fights for survival as an acknowledged social success, and seems to enjoy every moment of deadly peril. She loses out, of course—the dice is loaded against her—but how often she turns up "double sixes"! How often, in life's game of "pussy in the corner," she makes her run! The proposal of the old baronet on the heels of her marriage to his penniless nephew comes as a blow to our hearts. Who is there that has not felt genuinely sorry at that tragedy? And who is there that has not admitted the terrible truth of her aphorism, "It is easy to be virtuous on ten thousand a year"?

Becky is one of the most pathetic characters in literature. She was born without an ethical sense and with the brains of two. She rose by sheer pluck and wit to dazzling heights; she fell because the conventional world—stupid, hypocritical, selfish and unchangeable—was, in the end, too strong for her. At that she was better than the Countess of Southdown, than Pitt Crawley, the young puppy Osborne, that bag of cowardice, gluttony and selfishness, Joe Sedley, and had she possessed honor, which is to say, had she had any sort of a decent chance in childhood, she would have not only gained, but kept her height.

It is the same, "blow high, blow low," in English fiction generally. The hopelessly detestable women characters owe their bad eminence to those of their own sex. Even Jane Austen, prim, amazingly clever, and superbly dowered with the dramatic instinct,

has a good deal of the cat in her composition, and has created female characters who stand forth (as in "Pride and Prejudice") as the very incarnation of all that is detestable or weak in human nature. There is a sort of feline ferocity about some of her characterizations that causes us to wonder whether she really loved her sex. Her ignorance of men is abysmal; but—Jane is Jane. Bless her!

Shelley, on the contrary, glorified Beatrice Cenci in one of the noblest dramas of our speech; and innumerable apologies have been written in defence of Mary Queen of Scots—whose morals were of the time.

Dickens, to be sure, has depicted some loathsome women, but even in his case, we feel that they are what the men with whom they have tied up make them.

In the case of the women folk in Synge's insulting drama there is no mercy shown. He uses his pen as an anatomist uses his scalpel. We are in the presence of the primordially base. Shakespeare gave to Caliban (beast that he was) a strange, wild gift; and one of the most beautiful passages in English literature is that where the cave-man breaks out into the glorious lines—

> "Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
> Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
> Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
> Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices,
> That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
> Will make me sleep again; and then, in dreaming,
> The clouds, methought, would open and show riches
> Ready to drop on me, that, when I waked
> I cried to dream again."

But we look in vain for a single idealistic touch in Pegeen Mike or the widow Quin. Here all is primitive and based on force. Possession of a self-confessed patricide is the bone of contention between them. The only approach to a higher world is the physical and mental intoxication produced in Christy Mahon by the infatuation of Pegeen. Under the stimulus of what we must call "first love," he becomes eloquent; and Pegeen, utterly devoid of mentality, simply rides enchanted on the *adagio* of his praise.

PEGEEN (*radiantly wiping his face with her shawl*): "Well, you're the lad, and you'll have great times from this out when you could win that wealth of prizes and you sweating in the heat of noon."

CHRISTY (*looking at her with delight*): "I'll have great times if I win the crowning prize I'm seeking now, and that's your promise that you'll wed me in a fortnight, when our banns is called."

PEGEEN (*backing away from him*): "You're right daring to ask me that, when all knows you'll be starting to some girl in your own townland."

CHRISTY (*indignantly*): "Starting from you, is it? (*He follows her.*) I will not, then, and when the air is warming in four months or five, it's then yourself and me should be pacing Neifin in the dews of night, the times sweet smells do be rising, and you'd see a little shiny new moon maybe, sinking on the hills."

PEGEEN (*looking at him playfully*): "And it's that kind of a poacher's love you'd make, Christy Mahon, on the sides of Neifin, when the night is down?"

CHRISTY: "It's little you'll think if my love's a poacher's love, or an earl's itself, when you'll feel my two arms stretched around you, and I squeezing kisses on your puckered lips till I'd feel a kind of pity for the Lord God is all ages sitting lonesome in His golden chair."

PEGEEN: "That'll be right fun, Christy Mahon, and any girl would walk her heart out before she'd meet a young man was your like for eloquence, or talk, at all."

CHRISTY (*encouraged*): "Let you wait to hear me talking, till we're astray in Erris, when Good Friday's by, drinking a sup from a well, and making mighty kisses with our wetted mouths, or gaming in a gap of sunshine——"

PEGEEN (*in a lower voice, moved by his tone*): "It'd be nice so, is it?"

CHRISTY (*with rapture*): "If the mitred bishops seen you that time, they'd be the like of holy prophets, I'm thinking, do be straining the bars of Paradise, to lay eyes on the Lady Helen of Troy, and she abroad, pacing backward and forward, with a nosegay in her golden shawl."

PEGEEN: "And what is it I have, Christy Mahon, to make me fitting entertainment for the like of you, that has such poet's talking, and such bravery of heart?"

CHRISTY (*in a low voice*): "Isn't there the light of seven heavens in your heart alone, the way you'll be an angel's lamp to me from this out, and I abroad in the darkness, spearing salmons in the Owen or the Carrowmore?"

PEGEEN: "If I was your wife, I'd be along with you those nights, Christy Mahon, the way you'd see I was a great hand at coaxing bailiffs or coining funny nick-names for the stars at night."

CHRISTY: "You, is it? Taking your death in the hailstones or the fogs of dawn."

PEGEEN: "Yourself and me would shelter easy in a narrow bush (*with a qualm of dread*), but we're only talking, maybe, for this would be a poor thatched place to hold a fine lad the like of you."

CHRISTY (*putting his arm around her*): "If I wasn't a good Christian, it's on my naked knees I'd be saying my prayers and

paters to every jackstraw you have roofing your head, and every stony pebble is paving the laneway to your door."

PEGEEN (*radiantly*): "If that's the truth I'll be burning candles from this out to the miracles of God that have brought you from the south to-day, and I with my gowns bought ready that I can wed you and not wait at all."

CHRISTY: "It's miracles, and that's the truth. Me there toiling a long while and walking a long while, not knowing at all I was drawing all times nearer this holy day."

PEGEEN: "And myself, a girl, was tempted often to go sailing the seas till I'd marry a Jew-man, with ten kegs of gold, and I not knowing at all there was the like of you drawing nearer, like the stars of God."

CHRISTY: "And to think that I'm long years hearing women talk that talk, to all bloody fools, and this the first time I've heard the like of your voice talking sweetly to my own delight."

PEGEEN: "And to think it's me talking sweetly, Christy Mahon, and I the fright of the seven townlands for my biting tongue. Well, the heart's a wonder; and, I'm thinking, there won't be our like in Mayo for gallant lovers from this hour, to-day."

To Pegeen, as limned, the stars are pretty playthings evidently created to afford creatures of infantile minds the joy of inventing nick-names to laugh about of a summer evening. (Is Pegeen alone in this? Ask the Secretary of the Astronomical Society!) To Christy, bubbling over with joy at the capture of a poor trollop of the tap, and almost ready to explode with vanity in the possession of his paragon, God Himself, "sitting lonesome in His golden chair," is an object of pity; the mitred bishops, could they cast eyes on them, would be like the holy prophets straining at the bars of Paradise to be in the company of Helen of Troy as she takes the air "with a nosegay in her golden shawl."

It is all delicately, artistically, exquisitely done; there is hardly a foreign term; but the satire bites deep and was intended to bite deep. St. Patrick Christianized pagan Ireland in the 5th century, did he, my Lord Bishop? Not in Synge's estimation. To him the peasants of Ireland are pagans pure and simple *at this very hour.* Cardinals in scarlet coats, God on a golden throne, Helen of Troy, Paradise, bishops, prophets, Holy Joseph, the diamond jewelries of Pharoah's ma, the king of Norway, the eastern world, float in their vivid imaginations as of equal value for purposes of blarney and exaggeration. They all alike represent splendor, glory—the impossible. In this world there is no logic, no morality born of the sharp discipline of law, no steadfast character. Passion, held at pause for a fearful moment or baulked, lust of battle, vanity of achievement or possession, gold, jewels, lights, song, food, warmth, shelter, red love and grey grief, make up the whole of existence. It is all

personal, emotional, intensely vivid. The modern note, the ethical inheritance that culminates in rigid personal honor, the world of solid, scientific improvement—none of these is to be balanced against the kiss of love, or death in battle, or even the wail of grief in the dim land of Oisin. These peasants are, in their imaginations at least, survivals of the ages that were before morality or even reason. They go back to a time when heaven and earth were one and the seen shaded off by imperceptible degrees into the unseen; when life was miraculous and "the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair."

In drawing with bitter, bold strokes, Pegeen Mike, and the widow Quin, Synge touches the nadir of his dark art. We hate to think that such creatures can exist. We feel that they must be exceptional even among the ignorant and depraved. What was his object? It is hard to say—unless it be to drive us to the conclusion that the case of Ireland is hopeless, since it is the mother who really moulds the character of the race. Is the Irish woman and not the Irish man the source of Ireland's recalcitrancy and aloofness? He puts into the mouth of Sara, one of a group of young girls attracted to the shebeen in which Christy has been engaged as pot-boy, the following disloyal toast: "Drink a health to the wonders of the western world, the pirates, preachers, poteen-makers, with the jobbing jockies, parching peelers, and the juries fill their stomachs selling judgments of the English law." Hate—ignorant, illogical, insensate—best describes the attitude of his women to everything English, and this attitude is characteristic of the whole school. We doubt if Mr. W. B. Yeats really hates England, though all his characters do. It is a mere blind obsession, but it is there, and this disloyalty and ridicule of everything British is the master-chord of the so-called Celtic Revival. It would be worth a man's life to write a drama for the Irish stage with a bias in favor of England. Such an essay might be a lyrical panegyric of all things Irish, but let but one line appear lauding England and it would be hooted from the stage. Yet, as we have seen, the most terrible satires imaginable may be perpetrated against the historic faith; the most insulting references made to personal habits; the most mordant, bitter characterizations of Irish womanhood indulged in and, so the atmosphere be kept untainted by any foreign admixture, the efforts will only meet with applause and approval. What other nation would take to its bosom an insult directed at its heart? It is obvious that to Synge the Irish peasants are simply a race of barbarians, and that, intellectual aristocrat that he was, he used them as so much raw material for his art.

There is indeed something repulsive about the cold-blooded, sure way in which he etches his characters. They are not puppets—there is no moral, no plot; only the most minute observation of

speech and gesture—but they are almost defiantly alive. It is as though the whole thing took place before his eyes; the actors living out their characters in a flowing, unforced, unconscious way, like children at play, and he—silent, unseen—reporting, without missing a single salient feature, the whole comedy. That it is all ideal creation we do not believe. Pegeen Mike and the widow Quin were doubtless drawn from originals. We should not like to meet them, and if we are ever caught on the west coast, which God forbid! we will be at particular pains to avoid Michael James Flaherty's shebeen.

Of the widow Quin it will be sufficient to observe that only a genius could have envisaged such a character in the form of a woman; and only a soul out of touch with all the moral values of life and recklessly indifferent to modern standards of decency and compassion could have allowed the dark figure to emerge. But there is no power of moral restraint in Synge. Once he has mastered a creation, however vile, the creation masters him. Shakespeare gave his beast the body of a beast, but, even in the case of Caliban, could not withhold a touch of the divine. The melody of heaven charmed the monster, caught him up to the regions of cloudland, and inspired him with poetic utterance. But never for one moment does this awful woman rise above the quagmire of the unmoral.

Hate plays like baleful lightning across the pages of the entire drama. Perhaps this was Synge's intention. It may be that he saw deeper than his contemporaries into the wild, troubled Irish heart, and in pure despair of things ever being any different, told the naked truth. There would seem to be much to substantiate this view. Page after page of Irish history, and all stained with the blood of the innocent and guilty alike. And the pathos of it all is that the British are at heart a kindly and just race, and are prepared to go to any lengths of concession, short of disruption of the Empire and peril to their very lives, just for peace and a good understanding. The Church in Ireland has failed. Education on modern lines may succeed—education and travel. If these fail—the firm hand!

The thing that attracts Pegeen to Christy in the beginning is simply that he committed murder. In her dim, undeveloped brain, to be capable of committing murder is to possess courage—the courage of the purely animal man. She is of the breed of the Valkyries. Christy, until this woman looks on him a poor, half-witted looney, suddenly, under the stimulus of love, enters the lists and carries off all the prizes at the village games. He becomes, all of a sudden, vain, poetical, boastful, and, intoxicated with the success of conquest, even lyrical. At the very height of his success his old father appears on the scene, and at once his hopes are dashed. Those who flattered him because of the commission of his crime

now turn again and rend him, and Pegeen joins the hue and cry. A real murderer is one thing; but a fake-murderer! The drama ends with Pegeen in tears because her dream of bliss as the partner for life of a patricide lies in ruins at her feet.

Synge has a malicious trick of mixing up religion and blasphemy. To him the Irish peasant has no religion, only superstition. The blind man in "The Well of the Saints" prayed that he might see and hear his enemies "twisting and roaring in hell." In this drama Pegeen Mike's father, coming home drunk from Kate Cassidy's wake—of which a terrible description is given—gives his benediction to Pegeen Mike and Christy in these words:—

"A daring fellow is the jewel of the world, and a man did split his father's middle with a single clout, should have the bravery of ten, so may God and Mary and St. Patrick bless you, and increase you this mortal day."

The young men who started the Celtic Revival chose to appeal to all that was romantic and bloody and passionate in Ireland's past. Their words fell on fruitful soil. The nation responded, and began to dream the old dreams and to harbor the old hope of complete separation from England. Ireland was to become in some strange way unique, powerful and splendid; but not industrial, not modern, not scientific. A miracle was to be performed; apparently by poets, orators and priests. As in the ancient days Erin was to become "the isle of saints," and to her "would the gathering of the nations be." This blissful paradise in the modern world—happy, innocent and idle—was prefigured in apocalyptic vision, and the poor credulous peasants drank it all in. English rule, and not the lack of coal, iron, water-power, and a climate that makes cereals a grave risk, was the cause of all their woe, and that extirpated, the kingdom would surely come. In how much better case Ireland would have been had these young geniuses created a literature of modern life and sounded a note of courage, of truth, and of warning? The industrial world we cannot escape. The age of faery may come back; the rose of romance bloom once again—it *has* bloomed with terrible beauty and the petals are still scarlet and rich with perfume—but our coming fairyland will be born of vaster endeavors than man has ever yet essayed; our rose of God spring out of a sympathy deep, eternal, and of the universal heart of mankind.

A sterner spirit—James Connolly—followed in the wake of all this bubble-idealism. He lies in a felon's grave; but his spirit is moulding Ireland at this hour. With this strange, wild, uneducated but gifted communist we must deal in a future number. The Sinn Fein is to-day a fading dream, and de Valera but President of an Empire in cloudland. The mass of the people to-day in Ireland are Bolshevik. Three-fourths of the population are for ever living on the edge of poverty, and these are turning hungry eyes, not in the direction of poetic ideals, but of their neighbor's goods.

GOVERNMENT BY MANDATE

EVER since the Armistice was signed the air has been full of demands that the legally constituted body at Ottawa should go to the country. The plain people, as always, were ignored in all this. Morning, noon and night the one monotonous plaint was kept up. The simple-minded took up the cry and added volume to it. Partisan papers shrieked. It is significant, however, that no public meetings were called to back the cry up. The Public was apathetic.

One would have imagined that the Union Government was about to run away with the country or land us all in chains and slavery. It was all part of a political claque. Having nothing to criticize; unable to bring forward a single charge of corruption, or to substantiate a charge when brought forward, the Opposition to Government, As By Law Established, fell back upon abuse. It is an old and played-out device: to bring a general charge and save your hide from castigation by parading nebulous particulars. And these poor amateurs pose as representatives of Liberalism! They are not even Tories; they are Bourbons; having learned nothing and forgotten nothing. The real Liberals are on the other side of the House.

The whole meaning and purpose of Liberalism, historically speaking, was expressed in the fight, long and desperately kept up, for the enlargement of the franchise. To-day historic Liberalism is bankrupt both in England and in Canada. Its task ended when manhood suffrage was finally achieved. To-day it stands halting between the natural conservatism of the race, where it now truly belongs, and the wild radicalism of the time which is headed for Socialism, Communism and the principles of the Russian Soviet. As contrasted with these, the Liberal is a Conservative. In his law-abiding soul he detests them.

It is different with the Conservative, because the Conservative represents the eternal norm. He is the type of the race-plasm from which all developments break off; but to which in the end they must conform or perish. Every radical movement tends in the end to become Conservative, in accordance with the Law which makes for preservation. The French Revolution did not end in the complete equality dreamed of, but in the triumph of *bourgeois* common-sense.

There are indications that Sovietism is washing its blood-stained hands, brushing its unkempt locks and aping Western respectability. Radical movements cannot go on for ever. There is a point where they must stop, and begin to reconstruct, and when this stage is reached, the Conservative instincts once more appear and take command, and we have peace for a long interval of time. For, if they do not stop and start to reconstruct, the penalty is madness and death.

There is a transition stage in the life of every historic party which has finished its work which may only be described as The Era of Hypocrisy, and that is precisely what we are suffering from both in England and Canada to-day. The Liberal party, as a separate entity, has no reason for existence *and knows it.* It has been shot to pieces. It is living not on realities, but on phrases. Those who would revive it are engaged in a superfluous and unnecessary task. They do but illustrate the old fable of Sisyphus. For the downright truth is that the fight is no longer between Liberal and Conservative, but between all those who believe in the principles of individual freedom under the law and those who scoff at all law and would batter down all safeguards.

There is not a Liberal in Canada to-day, or for that matter, in the British Empire, who is not opposed heart and soul to group-government, labor dictation, mob-violence, or the right of mere brute numbers to dictate policies of state, regardless of either character or intelligence. The attitude of decent, sensible Liberals towards the theory that the seething popular desire for continual change with its corollary of demagogism, is the ideal of politics is one of contempt—a contempt so deep that they cannot hide it. The Liberal has, in fact, become a Conservative. This is what makes the attitude of certain public men in Canada to-day so pitiable. They are willing to divide the forces of law and reason, in the presence of the gravest menace that has ever confronted civilization, in the hope of power. But even if they should succeed in gaining power by joining up with extreme radicals like the U.F.O. and Labor it would be but short-lived, since, in the end, they would be faced with the alternative of accepting the programme of the sterner spirits or embarking on a wild sea of compromises, and finally ending in shipwreck.

The speech delivered by the Hon. W. S. Fielding at Peterboro is an illustration of this argument. Here is a man who actually moved in the House of Commons a resolution calling for a reduction in duties all along the line, who openly and by implication argued, as did his leader (?), that the present Tariff is burdensome and all in favor of business as against the true interests of the people, and who yet has the audacity and the shamelessness to tell a public audience that the Liberal party was all along bluffing and that it is as much in favor of Protectionism as the National Liberal and Conservative party. Could hypocrisy go further? These men see that the position they took up on the Tariff at the opening of the last session is now grown untenable and, being utterly devoid of principle and greedy only for office, they mendaciously go back on their previous conclusions and whine "We didn't mean a word of it!" And this all in the short space of six months!

Nemesis has overtaken them! The leaders are at daggers drawn. For in that same speech Mr. Fielding not only came out

as a Protectionist (which he always was) but delivered a violent attack on the farmers for cherishing the mad heresy of Free Trade! But what about his leader? Has he attacked those same farmers? He has not. He has been going up and down the country trying to convince the farmers, both East and West, that their platform is really his platform, and that instead of attacking each other they should all sit down to a love-feast. Never was the intelligence of the Canadian people so insulted.

But the farmers are not to be fooled. They understand where Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen stands and can respect an honorable opponent. Mr. J. J. Morrison is on record to that effect. But they have no use for those who would "hunt with the hare and cry with the hounds"; and they have a shrewd suspicion that all these overtures of Mr. Mackenzie King have but one object—*their ultimate destruction as a political group and final incorporation in the Laurier-Liberal Party.* Mr. King's approaches have been rejected with scorn. The trumpet in Mr. Fielding's hands may give forth an uncertain sound, but the penny whistle in Mr. King's gives but a feeble squeak.

As a matter of fact, the exponents of force, of "Direct Action," have a greater respect for the uncompromising defenders of freedom under the law (freedom as at present understood by all thoughtful men) than they have for those who seek to cajole them by glittering phrases. They are convinced that the men who are not afraid to come out into the open and fight them are more to be trusted for justice than those who seek to convince them that all differences between, say Liberalism and Labor, can easily be smoothed away, and that two bodies *can* really occupy the same space at the same time.

The struggle to-day is not between Liberalism and Conservatism, as parties of opposing principles, but between those who are convinced that Government exists for all and not for some, and those who would reduce the State to a mere appanage of a class; between those who steadfastly believe that individual freedom and initiative, guided by ambition and ideals, is the true line of normal development, and those who would create Utopia by ineluctable legislative enactments; between those who would keep things open at the top, and those who would stunt all individual growth by pressing down the plastic race-soul into a common mould; between those who believe in a breed of noble, free men, and those who believe in a race of economic slaves.

The Conservative to-day is the true Non-Conformist and the defender of human liberty. Sooner than see Marxism—the most hellish form of economic slavery ever devised—prevail, he is prepared to give battle. And the true Liberal is with him; for the struggle to-day is a fight against the stupid theory that uniformity is synonymous with Social Justice; whereas the contrary is the case.

Uniformity is best symbolized by the striped uniform of the penitentiary. The whole effort of the race has been a development away from uniformity, monotony, closure, creed to variety and happy discoveries of new powers.

This new world presented to us by economic cranks is a world of legal enactments delimiting the powers of the individual. It had its inception in the brains of anarchists and cheap idealists, and is devised for weaklings and lazy optimists. It promises everything to everybody; and ends by offering a stone for bread and for a fish, a serpent. It is legalism gone mad; the creed at its worst. In it the system stands at last revealed as the final enemy of mankind.

In the face of this menace to society how trivial seem the differences that once existed between Liberal and Conservative! At this very hour, and all good men know it, true Liberals and true Conservatives are in the same camp. Time will reveal the truth of that sentence. All sane men to-day in the face of the levelling tendencies of the time are in the best, *i.e.*, in the most natural sense, Conservatives.

But what shall we say, in view of these facts, of a theory promulgated by the leader of the Anti-Conscriptionist Liberals at Peterboro recently which, if it were once put into pernicious activity, would destroy not only the majesty of government but its very life? The mad theory is that government is elected to carry out mandates and, the particular mandate put into law, its members should at once resign.

Let him turn to Russia! Here is a government that was swept into power on a wave of blood and tears. That was the wild mandate given by a frenzied mob. The Soviet Government carried out the first mandate, and made a clean sweep of the whole fabric of civilization. Did it thereupon resign? No! Why? Because in a dim, blind way these men seem to have grasped the fundamental truth that *Government to be Government at all must be continuous.* No Government on the face of this earth could exist on a mandate basis. They tried it once in France with results that need no emphasis here. In human affairs Government is the one thing that abides. It is not subject to the fickle caprice of the moment, but partakes of the nature of the permanent. Without it as a majestic, unchangeable reality we would have "Red ruin and the breaking down of Laws." When Lincoln was assassinated at Washington Garfield quelled the excited mob by exclaiming at the close of his impassioned oration, "Gentlemen, God reigns and the Government at Washington still lives." Let us thank God that the Government at Ottawa still lives at this hour!

But let us take the precious word "Mandate." Mr. Mackenzie King is a lawyer, and ought, therefore, to use legal terms in their precise meaning. The British Constitution does not recognize the

word "Mandate" as applicable to the House of Commons. The word has recently come into use in connection with The League of Nations, but here it is a mere piece of verbal camouflage, made use of to *disguise* the fact of political control by an outside power.

The word itself is of Roman origin, as the most of our strictly legal terms are. It was used to precisely define a certain form of contract by which one person undertakes to carry out the will of another on condition that he be indemnified against all loss. It had, and has, in law, a purely contractual significance.

No Parliament in the long history of British legislation was ever elected to carry out a *single* mandate; and no leader of a party ever gave a pledge to the electorate to carry out a single item of called-for legislation and then resign. To establish such a precedent would be the stultification of the very idea of government. Parliament is elected to *legislate generally* in the interests of the whole people for a strictly defined period of time, and must in the nature of things concern itself with the whole field of national interests. Its Blanket-Mandate is the General Good. The Electorate elects the House, but it cannot issue mandates to the House while in power. The essence of the contract is *an extended trust covering the full legal term of Parliament.* Once elected the House is a free assembly which lives its own life, preserves its own dignities, takes precedence of all law, makes its own commitments, and conducts its business in accordance with immemorial usages. Dissolution occurs, theoretically, only through the efflux of time. More than once wild mobs led by demagogues have stormed Westminster Hall and assaulted members; but Parliament has gone serenely on, sure of its ground.

It is not to the credit of Mr. Mackenzie King's intelligence that he should be found in the same camp as J. J. Morrison and Mr. Andrew Hicks. These misguided men would bring pressure to bear on the Legislature by circularizing the Back-Concessions; and they would even go so far as to force a new appeal to the country if the replies to circulars were favorable to that course of action. That ignorance, such as is here disclosed, should exist in a British community is deplorable. That Mr. Mackenzie King and *The Globe* should champion what is virtually the same revolutionary proposal is lamentable.

If Governments are to be elected to obey mandates, instead of to carry out broad national policies, where could we end but in anarchy? The Mandate made law, and this would take but a few weeks, another election would, of course, be in order. Mandate would follow Mandate, government government, as wave follows wave. The cost of this sort of thing would be colossal; the social strife and bitterness engendered, tragic. No nation could survive under such circumstances. The end would be Absolutism, such as Napoleon embodied, such as Lenin embodies now.

There are but two grounds on which a government ever resigns and two alone. It must resign or dissolve when it is defeated in the House; or it *may* resign if the Ministry concludes that its majority is not sufficiently large to properly transact the King's business. We defy Mr. Mackenzie King to point to a single instance where a party in full control of the House has ever resigned at the bidding of the Opposition. That the party headed by Mr. Mackenzie King does *not* represent the People and that, therefore, he has no right or warrant to speak for the People is shown by the electoral returns. The People—the *real* People—will have a chance to express themselves all in good time, and their verdict will be final. We rest in hope that common-sense will prevail.

We would commend to these misguided men the noble definition of government given by Edmund Burke: "Constitute Government how you please, infinitely the greater part of it must depend upon the exercise of powers which are left at large to the prudence and uprightness of ministers of state. Even all the use and potency of the laws depends upon them. Without them your Commonwealth is no better than a scheme upon paper and not a living, active, effective organization."

WEST PETERBORO

IT was a foregone conclusion that, whoever might be elected in Peterboro West, he would prove to be a minority candidate. The result constitutes a grave warning, not to the Government, but to the people of Canada. The Government, indeed, took a high and dignified course. It is no secret that had it thrown its entire strength to Mr. Burnham, as it was importuned to, he would have been returned. But the Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen is not that sort of a man. Without warning, and, apparently, out of mere whim, Mr. Burnham resigned and sought by his threat to intimidate Parliament. Even if he had been returned it would have meant nothing, since no individual can speak authoritatively for the whole country; nor can the result in one riding be taken as an infallible index of how the rest will go. Mr. Gordon is in a popular minority of over 8,000. Where is the mandate in this? Had the Conservative vote not been split up he would have been defeated. What the campaign has revealed is the utter insincerity of the Government's opponents. The gang of desperate political gamblers who are at present grouped under Mackenzie King have reached the lowest depths of insincerity, and, apparently, glory in their shame. Moreover, the very last thing they want is an immediate dissolution. The Government might be defeated; *they* certainly would be, and they know it. Their dilemma is apparent. If they link up with Crerar and the U.F.O. and accept the Free Trade policies of the farmer-group as sure as fate they will lose Quebec; and they will

lose it for good, for Quebec is naturally cautious and conservative, and in no mood to embark on a course of change which would certainly wreck her industries, and, very possibly, deprive her of her Constitutional rights. Certainly, if Raney's ideas are carried out, and the appeal to the Throne done away with, the Palladium of her liberties, which is the Privy Council, would be destroyed.

If the result of the Peterboro election was a notice to the Government to quit, then it was also a notice to Labor to quit; it was a notice to the U.F.O. to quit. By parity of reasoning the result in East Elgin was a notice to the Laurier-Liberals to quit, for there Charlton (an absolute Free Trader and endorsed by King) was completely snowed under.

It is not lost on the Public that Gordon ran *not* on the Free Trade or Lower Tariff issue but on the fiscal platform of the National Liberal and Conservative Party. He, at any rate, is not in the Farmer-group, nor in the King-group, but, apparently, like Mahomet's coffin, is suspended between Heaven and Hell. The utter absurdity of it!

The Hon. W. S. Fielding fared no better than Mackenzie King in his servile, fawning approach to the U.F.O. Once again the farmers have administered a blow on the solar plexus to Liberalism. The Government party has treated the farmers with respect, and has not tried to inveigle them into their fold. The Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen has "played cricket." Even the dour and irreconcilable Morrison grudgingly admitted that the Premier had played fair and that his works and ways were all "in the open." We have no doubt that the manly, honest course being pursued by the present clear-headed statesman at the head of affairs at Ottawa will be increasingly appreciated by the country at large, and that when he finally goes to the country he will be triumphantly returned.

Speaking in London on the 8th inst., Mr. Lloyd George said "Who says the danger is past? I wish to God everybody could, because it worries me and fills me with dread."

Who but a fool would put to sea in a tornado; and who but a madman would advise such a course?

THE TRUE PRAYER TO PRAY

SUBMISSION to the Inevitable is the noblest form of piety. The Inevitable is God's marching orders to mankind. Meekness the New Testament phrases it. Its essence is a serene trust; a belief that neither terror nor tragedy can shake.

We are told that "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much," and this is true. The effectual fervent prayer of the righteous man leaves him a better and nobler man and through him the world is made better and left better. The answer to prayer is prayer. When one submits to the highest will, he becomes the

incarnation of that will: the divine power finds a lodgment in a receptive mind, in a humble and contrite heart. Prayer can go no further, no higher than submission. To pray specifically for this or that is to pray absurdly. We must yield to the ultimate highest and most rational will in the universe and go forth joyously in the confidence that what is good for us, for our true growth and development, will or soon or late fall upon us as a blessing.

Jesus said: "Your Heavenly Father knoweth what ye have need of before ye ask Him." Of course He does! There is no unknown psychology to God. Specialists may experiment with intelligence and print their ridiculous little theories touching the springs of action—they may even fancy that they can weigh thought —but serene over all moves the Divine power which knows that in the soul of man is the true answer to the human quest. We speak of "the divinity of man"—a grandiose phrase!—but in what does that divinity consist? Surely in this: that through endless centuries of struggle the soul has kept itself erect and strong, has endured all things and hoped all things, and has found through repeated trials that it is competent to master time and fate. The emergence of the modern soul out of the long cosmic process into a world of reason and liberty and love is the proof that it is of an altogether divine texture and unconquerable.

COMMENTS

If one-tenth of the energy which is being expended in disrupting the country were applied to the task of bringing about a good understanding among all classes, nine-tenths of our troubles would disappear.

A minimum wage, *i.e.*, a decent maintenance, is a noble ideal and worth striving for; but there should be no maximum wage. A man should be allowed to earn as much as he can provided he give honest value to the world. Why do the bosses oppose this old British principle of Freedom? Because they know its universal acceptance would finish them.

The attempt of Government to fix a minimum price must always fail for the simple reason that the minimum price is always the maximum price since it is based on the efficiency and capital of the smallest producer. A minimum for "the little bird" may prove to be a tremendous maximum for the eagle of finance and the eagle knows it. The big coal producers in Pennsylvania are all for a minimum price.

There is only one solid, clear-cut figure in political life to-day in Canada—the present Premier. Crerar's Union of "Big Business" and politics fools no one, least of all the Ontario farmers. Drury's People's Party is the *dernier ressort* of a man who feels the ground slipping from under his feet. Mackenzie King's policy of promising everything to everybody will not go down with a Democracy which demands that its leaders shall know and describe the plain difference between black and white. In Peterboro he endorsed Gordon, who practically accepted the fiscal programme of the present Government. In East Elgin he gave his benediction to Charlton, who came out for absolute Free Trade. This young man evidently wants it coming and going, but then he has been coming and going for quite a while.

The editor of *The Globe* does not like the Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen. Still if the Hon. Mr. Drury's People's Party gets in power he will have to brother him to the nines. No wonder the individual in question keeps scolding the U.F.O.

Brother Morrison's contention that the U.F.O. made Drury is historically correct. They dragged him out of obscurity and found a seat for him. They also provided a nice new U.F.O. ladder and called him "a bonny fechter" and all the rest of it. Having reached his long-coveted ledge of publicity, the man from Simcoe now kicks the ladder away without even a "Thank you, J. J."

Let the People, as members of one great unanimous party, all join in singing "Should auld acquaintance be forgot." Come, J. J.! Hearten the chorus!

The answer to the Hon. W. S. Fielding's plea to the farmer to come into the Liberal fold was the same as that which Burnaby gave to King in North York—a contemptuous refusal. Mr. Fielding announced his willingness to go as far as Winnipeg in company with the man who was bound for Brandon, and the man for Brandon threw him off the train before the first station west was reached. We notice that the Premier has the good manners to treat the farmers with respect and courtesy, and is thrashing it out with them on grounds of logic and mutual self-respect.

VERSE

OPHELIA

By James Cobourg Hodgins

Now grasses list and streams sing small and trees
Chide the strong winds and moan no more, I pray.
My lord will come, a great strong prince, this way,
And we must do our very best to please.
He was my lover and bent to my knees.
I was his lass and loved him—lackaday!
Somehow, no longer does he care to stay,
Or strive to humor with grave courtesies.

And yet he's always near. I see him now!
Look, Pimpernel, he's there among the reeds!
No!—near those marigolds!—that lily white!
I'm coming, Hamlet! You've been late, I vow!
My hands are cold! I scarce can finger beads!
Good-night, my love! Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

THE DEAD BRIDE

By James Cobourg Hodgins.

Cover her feet with flowers! Put myrrh and rue
Across her breast! Place lilies at her head!
She who lies still—so pitiful still and dead!—
Passed ere the sun had dried the morning dew.
All pure and innocent she walked; nor knew
Aught of life's hidden horrors. She was led
By mystic paths—up which bright angels sped
Luring her on—to regions strange and new.

Here, in this sheltered spot, like some sweet rose
Kissed by the sun to perfume and to flame,
She opened out her heart of dazzling gold.
The heavenly shepherd passed, and, at the close
Of perfect girlhood, still untouched by shame
Of conscious sin, placed her within the fold.